

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

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POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GAY.

SINADAB,
THE SON OF SAZAN THE PHYSICIAN.

A Tartarian Tale.

My father, whose name was Sazan, was a physician at Sues. He exercised that profession with a good deal of honour for a considerable time. He had no child but me; and therefore spared no cost in my education. I was almost twenty years old when he would fain have persuaded me to embrace his profession; but besides that I found myself extremely averse to it, as he was esteemed a very rich man, I thought I had no occasion to qualify myself to get a livelihood: I imagined that the estate he was to leave me would be more than enough to maintain me in luxury and pleasure, without giving myself the least pains or trouble. My father's remonstrances could not dissuade me from my resolution. This disturbed him so much that he fell sick; and, after having kept his bed five or six months, died. Before his last groan, he called me to him: "My son," said he, "since in my lifetime I never received any comfort from you, give me at least so much satisfaction at my death, as to promise me that you will punctually follow three articles of advice, which I foresee will be extremely useful to you. Swear to me, upon the Alcoran, that they shall never be out of your memory." I melted into tears, and took an oath to my father to execute his will. And this is what the good old man said, embracing me—"I leave you wealth enough, and perhaps too much, to live like a man of honesty and honour. Endeavour, my dear Sinadab, to keep it; but, if by any accident which I cannot foresee, you should happen to lose it, never attach yourself to a prince whose good character you are not thoroughly assured of. Be sure, whatever love you bear your wife, never to trust her with a secret wherein your life may be concerned. And, lastly, never adopt for your son a child that is none of your own." Scarce had my father made me swear a second time upon the Alcoran to obey him religiously in these three points, but he closed his eyes, and resigned his soul into the hands of the angel of death. I doubled my tears at this mournful sight, and rendered him the last duties with all imaginable tenderness.

Under the bed's-head I found the copy of a will which he had deposited with the cady. He gave me leave to dispose how I would of all his estate, excepting only a little garden which was without the gates of Sues; at the end whereof was a pretty neat summer house, which he ordered me not to sell upon any account whatsoever. I paid little regard to this article, which seemed to me of no great consequence. I minded nothing but examining carefully what wealth he had left me. I found almost a hundred thousand sequins of gold, several diamonds perfectly rich, considerable inheritances, and very magnificent furniture. So soon as I could appear in public with decency, I

called together my companions in my own house, to the number of eight, I presented each of them with a slave completely beautiful, and entertained them sumptuously for ten days together. In short, not to weary you with a particular relation of all my follies and debaucheries, in which I plunged deeper and deeper every day, I shall only tell you that, after having led this sort of life for almost two years, I found myself on a sudden without money. My comrades, who had never quitted me during my pleasures, advised me to dispose of my jewels and furniture. I sold them piece by piece, for half their value. I afterwards did the same by the houses my father had left me, reserving only the garden, which was not in my power to sell; and at length I was so reduced that I had nothing left but the clothes I had on, and one single hawk, which I trained up to flying.

When my friends saw me in these straits, they immediately deserted me. It was to no purpose my reproaching them for their ingratitude; they did but laugh at me: only there was one of them, who, taking pity of the condition I was in, gave me ten sequins. I had not eat any thing for two days together; so that I received this money as a present from heaven. Being now perfectly ashamed of myself, I went to the port of Sues, designing to embark in the first ship I could meet with. I found one that was just ready to depart for Adel*. I had scarce time enough to make some slight provision for my voyage with the little money that I was master of. I set forwards with nothing but my hawk; and we arrived at Adel without meeting with any accident. I had now remaining in my purse but three sequins of the ten which had been given me: I resolved to be a good husband of them, and to live upon the industry of my hawk. I had a very particular talent for training up those sorts of birds. Mine was very excellent at the sport. I had accustomed him not to kill his quarry; he only pecked out their eyes with two strokes of his bill, and then I took them alive; so that I did not want for game to maintain myself and a poor old widow-woman that had taken me into her house. I had so much that I carried some every day to the king's purveyor, who paid me for it nobly; and who was so surprised at what I told him of my bird, that he informed the king of it.

That prince, who was a great lover of sporting, sent for me: he told me he would see my hawk take a flight, and bid me be ready next day very early. I gladly obeyed; and the king was so charmed at the swiftness, dexterity, and obedience of my bird, that he asked me what I would take for it. "Sir," replied I, "it is all I have left of above two hundred thousand sequins which my father bequeathed me when he died. This poor hawk has maintained me ever since I have been in want: but since he has been so happy as to please your majesty, I shall be overpaid for him by the honour I hope you will do me in accepting it." The king of Adel immediately ordered me twenty thousand sequins, lodged me in his palace, and conferred on me the place of chief huntsman. In short that prince had so

* Adel is the capital city of a kingdom of the same name in New-Arabia, otherwise called the country of Aran.

much kindness for me, that in a little time I became his prime vizir and sole confidant: I went with him every day a-hunting, in which diversion he delighted exceedingly; and I seldom was from him but when he retired among his women.

"How unhappy should I be, my dear Sinadab," said he to me one day, "if I should lose you! You share the sweetest moments of my life."—"My lord," replied I, "the favour of the great is too uncertain a bottom for a wise man to build upon. I am loaded to-day with your goodness; perhaps to-morrow I shall be loaded with chains by your command."—"No, no, vizir," said he, "I shall always love you: and, to bind you more strictly to me, and that you may entirely forget your own country, you shall marry one of my sisters. I have three that are tolerably handsome; you shall see them this moment, but without their knowledge; and if your heart is not already engaged, she you like best shall to-morrow be your wife." I threw myself at the king's feet, confounded with the honour he did me: he raised me up, and embracing me tenderly, made me go into his closet, placed me behind a great curtain of black gauze, and commanded the captain of his eunuchs to fetch the three princesses.

The king's orders were executed in an instant. Immediately afterwards there entered the closet three ladies of unparalleled beauty, brilliant as full moons. The king talked with them some time upon indifferent matters; then, having sent them back to their own apartment, he called me from behind the curtain where I stood. "Well, my dear vizir," said he, "which of my three sisters gave your heart the most emotion?"—"Ah! my lord," replied I, transported, "those ladies are of such ravishing beauty, that I could not decide in so little time."—"Come, come," interrupted the king, "one of the three did certainly please you more than the other two: own which it was; I give her to you freely, and I command you to discover your sentiments to me frankly."—"My lord," replied I, "since you absolutely lay your commands upon me, the youngest of the three princesses pierced my heart with the most irresistible charms: but notwithstanding your majesty's unbounded goodness to your slave, my happiness would be incomplete if I did not obtain the princess by her own consent."—"These sentiments are extremely delicate," replied the king; "but I will give you this satisfaction too." Then he ordered the captain of the eunuchs to fetch Bouzemghir: this was the princess's name: she immediately came. "My dear Bouzemghir," said the king, embracing her, "I intend to marry you; but will not force your inclinations. The vizir Sinadab, to whom I just now proposed you for a wife, will owe your hand to nothing but your love: I leave you with him; examine your heart before you give me a positive answer; and assure yourself that, let your resolution be what it will, I shall not be in the least displeased at it."

The king of Adel upon this retired, and left the captain of the eunuchs at the door without. It would be to no purpose, to repeat the conversation Bouzemghir and I had together. She gave me to understand, by the tenderest expressions, that

she should esteem it her greatest felicity to have me for her husband; and assured me more than once, that the obedience she owed to the king her brother had no share in the sentiments she so ingeniously discovered to me. Upon this I espoused her with all imaginable magnificence; and the city of Adel took part in my joy, for the king upon that occasion discharged the inhabitants from one-fourth of their taxes.

At the end of some months, Bouzemghir found herself with child. As I loved her tenderly, I was inexpressibly rejoiced at it: but my joy was of very short duration; she happened to fall, hurt herself very dangerously, and had liked to die of a miscarriage. By the extraordinary care that was taken of her, she soon recovered a perfect state of health; but five years being passed without having any children, we consulted the skillful physicians in all Adel, who unanimously assured us the princess my wife could never be a mother.

This gave great uneasiness to Bouzemghir, whom I adored, and who loved me with inconceivable tenderness. "My lord," said she to me one night when we were alone together, "since I am for ever deprived of the sweet pleasure of giving you an heir, let us at least try to soften the rigour of our fortune by adopting little Roumy." This was the son of one of my slaves, and at four years old gave a prospect of all that could be hoped for in a child of that age. As I never knew how to contradict Bouzemghir in any thing, I willingly consented to this proposal with the good liking of the king of Adel. I brought up Roumy like my own son, and neglected nothing that might make him accomplished.

Roumy had now for ten years looked upon me as his father, and I had received all possible satisfaction from him; when one night, as I was in bed with Bouzemghir, and not able to sleep, my father's last words, and the oath he had made me take upon the Alcoran, came into my mind; but I only laughed at it. "How these old folks doat!" said I to myself. "I have wasted all my substance: I have given myself to a prince that I know nothing of; and am I ever the worse for it? On the contrary, could I ever wish for a fortune more considerable, more solid, and more conspicuous, than that of being vizir and brother-in-law to a potent king, who places his whole delight in having me near him? I have adopted Roumy in spite of my father's command. What satisfaction do I receive from that child, who at fifteen years of age gives marks of so excellent a temper, and from whom I may one day expect all the acknowledgment and gratitude in the world! No, no, we should not be too servilely strict in obeying the will of our fathers: when they have attained a certain age, they are so far from being able to direct others, that they are hardly in a condition to conduct themselves." I went to sleep after having made these wise reflections: they came into my head again next morning. "Here are two articles of my father's advice already neglected," said I to myself, "and not the least misfortune has ensued: let us see if it will be the same with the third." After having studied some time, I hit upon the stratagem which I am going to tell you.

Bouzemghir had often murmured at the king of Adel, when he tore me from her arms to carry me a hunting, from whence I generally returned very much fatigued. Her complaints put upon me trying if my wife were capable of keeping a secret. I went to the perch where the king's hawks stood: I took down that which he most loved, unseen by any body; I carried it to a pleasure-house at the end of a garden which I had out of the city, and gave it to a mute, who was the keeper of it, with orders not to stir from thence till somebody came to him from me and shewed him my ring. I then took the key of the garden, and double-locked the door, and carried the key to a friend whose probity I was perfectly well assured of. "If you hear that my life is in danger, said I to him, which I foresee may quickly happen, oblige me so far as to go to my garden, of which here is the key, shew this ring to the mute that is keeper of it, and bring him to me with the depositum I just now intrusted you with: he will be serviceable in my justification."

Then I returned home; and, as I had always a pretty many hawks to teach, I took one that exactly resembled the king's, wrung off its neck, and carried it to my wife. "Charming Bouzemghir," said I, embracing her, "behold a token of my tenderness: you have so often complained of the king of Adel, that I was resolved to cut away the root of the uneasiness he gives you. This hawk is the only cause; he it is that, by being the sole delight of the king, deprives you of yours. I have killed him; but be sure you take heed not to reveal this secret. I am a dead man if the king should know of this my ingratitude to him; he would have but little regard to the motive that prevailed upon me to do it."

Bouzemghir at first seemed frightened at the danger I had brought upon myself; but presently afterwards, tenderly pressing my hand—"My dear lord," said she, "light of my life, if only you and I are acquainted with this secret, you may be sure you are safe, and that the most cruel torment shall never extort it from me." "So far then we are well," replied I: "do you take and conceal the hawk with the utmost caution, while I go make my court to the king."

I left Bouzemghir, to wait upon the king of Adel. He had already been informed that his hawk was not to be found. He appeared extremely uneasy at it. "My lord," said I, "I know but one way to recover your bird: have it published all over Adel how much you are disturbed at your loss, and promise a reward for finding it, worthy the generosity of so great a monarch as you are." The king took my advice; he had it cried at every street's end, that whoever should bring him tidings of his hawk, dead or alive, if it was a man, besides the confiscation of half the estate of him who committed the theft, he would make him one of the greatest men in the kingdom; and that if it was a woman, he would marry her to the vizir Giamy, the handsomest man in all Adel, and shared his favour with me. This publication was soon spread over the city. I thought it all in vain, relying upon the extraordinary love of Bouzemghir, who for fifteen years had not let a day pass without giving me some fresh marks of it; but before sun-set I was in the utmost surprise to see myself arrested on the part of the king, and thrown into a dark dungeon, where I spent the night.

Day-light had scarce begun to appear when I was carried before the king of Adel, whose fury was visible in his countenance. "Perfidious vizir!" said he to me, "hast thou so soon forgot the favours I have showered upon thee? What! without the least gratitude for the station I have raised thee to, hast thou the cruelty to stab me in the tenderest part?" "My lord" replied I, "from the dust

in which I grovelled, you took me and placed me upon the throne of greatness; it is in your power to tumble me from it with a single blast of your breath. But give me leave to represent to you, that I am entirely ignorant of the cause of your anger, and that the persons who accuse me to you are much less innocent than me."—"Ungrateful traitor!" said the king, "hast thou not killed my hawk?" "I, my lord! replied I, in a seeming amazement; "is it possible that I should rob my master of that only instrument of his delight by which I had the happiness to please him? No, no, my lord, if this is all the reason of your anger, I am certain it will quickly fall upon another head."—"Ah, villain!" cried the king with fury, pulling out the dead hawk from under his robe, "dost thou add this audaciousness to thy former crime? There, behold thy handy work." I was very much confounded at this sight. "My lord," said I upon this, "appearances are often false; but though I have nothing to upbraid myself with as to the death of your hawk, I beg you will tell me the name of my accuser."—"Well, answered the king of Adel, "I will grant thee this satisfaction too: it is Bouzemghir, thy wife; darest thou object to such a witness?" A thunderbolt could not have fallen more heavy than this news did upon me. At that moment I called to mind my father's last words: and the remembrance almost sunk me to the earth. "Just Heaven!" cried I, "Bouzemghir my accuser! Does she betray me? Was ever any thing so black, so odious? Ah! my lord," continued I, "I could if I pleased, retort the whole guilt upon her; but, though I am innocent towards you, I will not defend myself: I respect your blood. I deserve death, if you have not the goodness to bethink you of the promises your majesty has made me in the warmest moments of your friendship."—"No, no," replied the king of Adel, "the more I have loved you, the more unpardonable your crime. Do not hope for any mercy; but prepare yourself to lose your head." Notwithstanding all I could say to move that prince's heart, he turned his back upon me, and left me in the hands of his guards, to be delivered to the executioner.

For fifteen years that I had been vizir, having never done any body the least wrong or injustice, all men of probity were grieved to see me condemned to die for so small a matter: they endeavoured in vain to obtain my pardon; the king was inexorable. My guards, who could not without tears behold my approaching death, offered to let me escape. "No," said I to them, "I thank you for your good-will; but will not expose you to the king's displeasure for my safety. I am not guilty; I am able to justify myself when I see a fit time to do it."

The king commanded me to be beheaded, but to no purpose: the executioner absented himself from Adel, that he might not do his office, and all those whom the king commissioned to do it refused; so that he was obliged to publish throughout the city, that whoever would accept the employment, should have the other half of my estate, which he had not yet disposed of. Though this offer was very advantageous, nobody yet appeared to give me my death, when Roumy, my adopted son, went to Bouzemghir: "Madam," said he, "without concerning myself whether Sinadab is guilty or no, his head is devoted to death, and I am in pain for him while he languishes in this manner by every body's refusing to despatch him. Of his immense riches the one half is yours, as revealer of his crime; so that I am the only sufferer, since the king promises the other half to the man that shall execute Sinadab. I will offer myself to the king to do this service. I believe he, and Sinadab himself, will take it kindly at my hands; and I shall put an end to the course of a life

which is certainly hateful to him, and get for myself the wealth which ought not by right to fall into the possession of strangers."

Bouzemghir, who it is likely had conceived a violent passion for the vizir Giamy, from the description which I myself perhaps had given of him, namely that he was the handsomest man in all Adel, knew she could not marry him while I was alive; this was what made her so basely betray me: she approved the infamous resolution that Roumy had taken, carried him to the king, and coloured over the action so artfully, that that prince, who thirsted for my blood, brought him himself into my prison, and took a barbarous delight in shewing me my executioner.

I remained motionless at the sight of Roumy. In vain, with tears in my eyes, I upbraided him with ingratitude: he had the hardness of heart to tie my hands, and would fain have persuaded me that I was obliged to him for his offering himself to despatch me.

The king was present all the while at so mournful a sight, without being in the least concerned at it: my tears were not able to move him; and finding him inflexible—"O Sazan, Sazan," cried I, "why did I not follow your advice?" These words, which he imagined had no sense in them, made him believe that the fear of death had put me beside my wits. "What do you mean by these words?"—"O, Sazan, Sazan," said he? "unfold this riddle to me."—"My lord," replied I, "they reproach me for disobeying my father, whose name was Sazan, in the three only things he recommended to me upon his death-bed; I must now endure my punishment without murmuring. I have devoted myself to your majesty's service without thoroughly knowing you; I have revealed a secret to my wife; and I have fostered in my breast a viper that is now about to sting me to death. Notwithstanding all your promises, you deliver me up to punishment for the death of a hawk, which I am innocent of. Bouzemghir, forgetting the inexpressible tenderness I have had for her these fifteen years, betrays me in the most perfidious manner; and Roumy, this boy, whom I have looked upon as my own son, seduced by sordid interest, offers himself to be my executioner.—O Sazan, Sazan," once more, "why did I not take your advice?" The king and all the spectators grew stiff with horror at this relation. When I turned myself to Roumy—"Strike, unworthy Roumy, strike!" cried I: "do not lengthen out the pain of the unhappy but innocent Sinadab; every moment of whose life ought to cover thee with shame and confusion."

Roumy, without being at all concerned at any thing I could say to him, drew his sword, and, was just going to give me the fatal blow, when the friend whom I had intrusted with the key of my garden, entered the prison with the king's hawk upon his fist. "My lord," said he, catching hold of Roumy's arm, which was not above two fingers breadth from my neck, "behold the falsity of the accusation formed against Sinadab; and be convinced that this is your own hawk, by the mark you yourself gave him upon one of his feet."

The king of Adel was strangely surprised at the sight of the bird: the greatest confusion imaginable presently covered his face; he bent his eyes upon the earth, and fell into the profoundest thoughtfulness at what had happened. For my part, however lucky my friend's arrival was for me, I was almost sorry for it. Life was become odious to me, by reason of my wife's treachery, and the ingratitude of my adopted son. However, I threw myself at the king's feet: "My lord," said I, "lo, this miserable favourite, whom you had so often assured of eternal protection, was upon the point

of losing his life unjustly." Upon this he raised me from the ground, ordered me to explain the whole mystery to him. I did it in few words: he examined all the circumstances of what I told him; and perceiving his own fault and Bouzemghir's baseness of soul, he immediately sent to seize her, had her brought before him, and having caused her to be tied back to back with Roumy, he commanded me to cut off their heads with the same sabre that had been designed to cut off mine. I refused to dip my hand in the blood that had been so dear to me: I even begged mercy for those two vile wretches; but I could not obtain it: one of the king's guards severed their heads from their shoulders.

The king, contented with this execution, which I could not see without shedding tears in abundance, embraced me tenderly, and carried me back with him to the palace. "My lord," said I to him again, "was I deceived when I formerly represented to you, that they who rely on the favour of the great, build upon the sand: since the death of a vile creature, which you thought me the author of, could make you forget in a moment a friendship of fifteen years?"—"Forget this fault, vizir," said the king of Adel; "I am ashamed of myself, and will make you ample amends; I will raise you to such a pitch of glory, that there shall for the future be no danger of your falling."—"No, my lord," answered I respectfully, "give me leave to return to Sues; there to enjoy a quiet and peaceable life: this is the only favour that Sinadab desires of you." The king strongly opposed this resolution, but I remained unshaken: nothing could persuade me to stay with him; and I set sail eight days afterwards in a ship which he gave me, and which I loaded with all my riches, and a great many jewels with which he presented me at my departure. This separation occasioned me some regret: but at length I steered towards Egypt, and we were almost in sight of port, when a dreadful tempest, after having tossed us about for three days and three nights together, swallowed up my ship at some leagues distance from Sues. All the mariners perished: I was the only man that, by help of a plank, was saved from the shipwreck, and got safe to shore; but I had lost all my effects, and saw myself in a moment reduced to the lowest degree of misery and want.

Not knowing where to lay my head, I recalled to mind my father's will. I remembered I was still master of a little garden and summer-house without the gates of Sues. I was curious to know if any body had taken possession of it in my absence. I had been gone above sixteen years: I found it in the same condition I had left it, only that it seemed very much out of repair. I opened the door by means of a secret which my father had often shewed me, and which nobody else was acquainted with; I found the walls all over-grown with moss, and the room very much in disorder: and as it was pretty late, and I extremely fatigued, I laid me down upon an old rotten mat, where I slept till hunger waked me. I was master of no trade to get a livelihood by. Being unwilling to make myself known, I resolved to ask alms from door to door: for this purpose I went out of the garden; but I implored in vain the charity of the inhabitants of Sues; nobody assisted me in the present want I was reduced to: so that at night I returned to my little house very hungry, and weary with walking about all day. I sat me down upon an old joint-stool that stood in a corner of the summer-house, and revolved in my mind all that my father had commanded me at his death, and which I had given so little heed to; when I cast my eyes upon a small coffer almost rotten, which I had not yet seen; it was fast locked; I very hastily broke it open, thinking to find in it some money that my

father might have put there; but I was very much surprised when I saw nothing in it but a rope about the bigness of one's little finger, and a note of my father's own hand-writing, in these words:

"You have not kept your word with me, Sinadab, though you swore upon the Alcoran to do it. Your ill management and disobedience have brought you to this condition; but if you have resolution to follow this last counsel, you will find an end to your misfortunes in this coffer." "Yes," cried I, with fury, "yes, father, I will for this time obey you: neither, indeed, have I any thing further to hope for, but to finish my unhappy days by this rope." Then, taking a desperate resolution, I got up upon the joint stool; and fastened it to a sort of hook, which stuck in the ceiling of the summer-house, and which seemed to have been placed there for that very purpose; I put the noose about my neck, and kicking away the stool, abandoned myself without reluctance to the rigour of my destiny.

By this means I expected to have found a certain death, when the weight of my body pulling down the hook, brought along with it a sort of a trap-door, through which fell a number of pieces of gold, that I was all covered with them. This happy discovery soon made me forget what little hurt I had received from my fall. I presently raised myself, climbed up through the trap-door, and was in an inexpressible amazement at finding there an immense quantity of riches, as well in gold as in diamonds. I thought I should have died with joy at this sight, which at once put an end to all my misfortunes. I took one of the pieces of gold; and, having fast locked the garden door, went and provided myself with a good meal. Next day I distributed among the poor derives a thousand pieces of gold; and having put myself in a condition to appear with honour in the city, I re-purchased almost all my father's possessions; and that I might never forget the misfortunes into which I fell by my disobedience, I caused to be repeated to me at all meals the words of my father, which I had often heard him utter, concerning the submission and respect due from children to their parents.

THE GLEANER.

So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins; who's in and who's out;
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies. SHAKESPEARE.

Modes of Expression.—Authors are sometimes extremely careless in expressing themselves; others pique themselves on a quaintness or an oddity, which is 'more honoured in the breach than the observance'; for example,

Roger Ascham, describing Lady Jane Grey expresses himself thus:—"At the time," says he, "that the rest of the company were gone out a hunting, and to their other amusements, I found, O Jupiter and all the gods! this divine young lady reading the Phædra of the divine Plato, &c. Surely there was no occasion to disturb Jupiter and the conclave of Olympus, by calling on them thus abruptly."

The reformer Calvin's mode of expression was rather coarse. Luther had in one of his writings called him a disclaimer; and Calvin, to justify himself from such a title, breaks out thus: "Your whole school is nothing but a stinking sty of pigs. Dog! do you understand me? Do you understand me, madman? Do you understand me, you great beast?"

Lord Gardenstone has an odd way of expressing himself. 'I have remarked,' says he, 'that the men and the women, and also the horses, are larger and handsomer in Champagne and Burgundy than any where else.'

Home, the celebrated author of *Douglas*, seemed to have been very partial to *alliteration*; for example:—

"My father feeds his flocks, a frugal swain—
But when the waiter watched his mighty mind—
But with the froward he was fierce as fire."

Sailors say, we carried away our mizen mast; a thing they are no way inclined to do, particularly in a storm.

Statesmen and lawyers are sometimes peculiar in their modes of expression. The Rev. Commissary Blair, who projected the college in the province of Virginia, and was in England to solicit benefactions and a charter, relates, that the queen (Mary), in the king's absence, having ordered the Attorney-General (Seymour) to draw up the charter, which was to be given with 2000*l.* in money, he opposed the grant, saying, that the nation was engaged in an expensive war, that the money was wanted for better purposes, and he did not see the least occasion for a college in Virginia. Blair represented to him, that its intension was to educate and qualify young men for the ministry of the Gospel much wanted there, and begged Mr. Attorney-General would consider, that the Virginians had souls to be saved as well as the people of England. 'Souls!' said he, 'd—n your souls! plant tobacco.'

The gentle Doctor South could, in argumentative allusion, use such terms as 'hell and d—nation proof!' which is certainly going as far as a point can well be carried.

How came the strange expression of 'enjoying a bad state of health?' of all enjoyments this is one we are most anxious to get rid of; yet Giles Jobbins said his wife enjoyed a bad state of health for many years.

By the bye, one of the most common queries of all, made in the way of salutation is very uncouth, however idiomatic it may be; we mean that of 'how do you do?'

'I have heard of a general officer,' says Walpole, 'who may be classed with the Archbishop of Grenada.' When he was about ninety years of age, he was disturbed with the noise of some young officers, diverting themselves with some girls. 'Is this, gentlemen, the example that I gave you.'

Henry the Eighth had considerable humour about him, as the following story proves. Having lost himself one day while hunting in Windsor forest, he at last got to the Abbey of Reading, where, being in disguise, he passed as one of the King's guards; and as such was invited to dine with the Abbot. A sirloin of beef was the principal dish, on which his Majesty fared heartily. The Abbot observing the strength of his appetite, said, "Well fare thy heart, and here in a cup of sack I remember the health of his Grace your master. I would give an hundred pounds on the condition that I could feed so heartily on beef as you do. Alas! my weak and squeamish stomach, will hardly digest the wing of a small rabbit or chicken." The King having finished his entertainment, and drank to the better health of the Abbot, departed without having his quality discovered.

A few weeks after this, the Abbot was sent for by a King's messenger, and committed close prisoner to the Tower, where he was kept for some time on bread and water. At last a sirloin of beef was set before him, on which the Abbot dined heartily. When he had finished, the King came out from a private place where he had observed the Abbot's change of appetite, and thus accosted him: "My Lord, either presently down with your hundred pounds, or no going from hence all the days of your life. I have been your physician to cure you of your squeamish stomach, and here, as I deserve, I demand fee for the same." With this the Abbot was necessitated to comply, and returned to his Abbey.

Courage of the Mexican Creole.—The Mexican, mounted on his horse, on whose speed and activity he can rely, places the most unbounded confidence in him. Neither the showers of balls nor the number of his opponents dismay him. The officers dash in among the enemy, and, regardless how their men act, seem only intent on setting an example of courage.

When compelled to retreat before superior numbers, the Mexican, instead of jading his favourite horse, proportions his flight to the speed of his pursuers; and if he perceives one or two of the enemy detached from the main body, he will face round and give them battle in presence of the rest. In short, we know, from frequent personal information, that no man possesses more innate courage than the Mexican Creole. He has every necessary ingredient to form the soldier; and as an individual, seated on his usually high-spirited horse, with his sword and lance, is as formidable an opponent as any in the world. But for want of discipline and military regulation, the Creoles are of but little use when embodied, and can easily be put to the rout.—Hence the Royalists, whose troops are composed of artillery and trained infantry, besides cavalry, have been enabled to gain advantages over them; and more especially at the period of which we are now treating, when the destitute of the Republic were in the hands of such men as Padre Torres and his commandants. This description of the Creoles is not peculiar to those of Mexico, but may, with a little modification, be considered, we think, as a correct one of those of the Spanish settlements on the American Continent. The natural qualities of this race, their intrepidity, their capacity to endure hardships and privations, their sobriety, their self-possession, and their abstemiousness, are qualities so well calculated for military enterprise, that the intelligent reader will at once perceive that discipline alone is necessary to render them, in their own country and climate, the most formidable and effective soldiers.

The Prince of Conde.—In a council of war before the battle of Rocroi, speaking of the advantages of possessing that place, the Marshal de Gassion replied, "But if we lose it, what will become of us?" "I do not consider that," answered the Prince, "as I shall die before that happens."

During the war in 1376, between the Pope and Hanover, some troops, headed by Robert, Cardinal of Genoa, afterwards Pope, besieged a place where Rodolphus Varan de Camberino had stationed himself, in order to defend the place and prevent a sedition. Rodolphus had harassed the Cardinal by frequent sorties and skirmishes. At length the Cardinal sent a message to the General, to demand the reason why he did not come out and give battle.—"My reason for not coming out," replied Camberino, "is that my Lord Cardinal may not come in."

The sign of *The Goat and Compasses* has been supposed to have had its origin in the resemblance between the bounding of a goat and the expansion of a pair of compasses; but nothing can be more fanciful. The sign is of the days of the English Commonwealth, when it was the fashion to give Scriptural names to every thing and to every body, and when "Praise-God Barebones" preferred drinking his tankard of ale at the "God encompasseth us" to any where else. The corruption from *God encompasseth us* to *Goat and Compasses* is obvious and natural enough.

A gentleman, who, while his wife was alive, passed every evening for thirty years with another lady, was advised to marry her when his helpmate died. "Why, no," said he, "if I did, I should not know where to go and pass my evenings."

A Repartee.—While Napoleon was yet a subaltern in the army, a Russian officer with much self-sufficiency remarked, "that his country fought for glory, and the French for gain." "You are perfectly right," answered Napoleon, "for every one fights for that which he does not possess."

The Devil.—In all ages the Devil has rendered great service to the learned, for whom he has always evinced particular regard. Scaliger was said to have entered into a compact with him. Socrates, Apuleius, Agrippa, Cardan, Cagliostro, are reported to have had familiars who inspired them with knowledge. Roger Bacon was imprisoned because the Devil taught him mathematics. The Knights Templars, and Joan of Arc, were accused of holding communication with demons. Our ancestors had so mean an opinion of the human mind, that they deemed it incapable of producing any thing without the aid of the Devil. John Faust, one of the inventors of printing, was suspected of holding open communication with the Prince of Darkness. In Switzerland, the common people entertain so high a notion of his talents, that they attribute to him the construction of several master-pieces of architecture. Denis le Chartreux says, that the Devil is a great geometrician; Milton asserts that he excels in the building of bridges; and Tertullian informs us, that the Devil is so good a natural philosopher, that he can carry a sieve full of water, without spilling a drop!

Origin of music.—One evening, beneath a lofty myrtle-tree, Amaryllis was lamenting the death of a nightingale. She compared its long and dying fate, to the gentle airs, moving the tops of the hollow reeds, making a moaning melody. Studious to charm his beloved with the voice of the nightingale, the thoughts of Lycidas produced a sleepless night; the next day he gave Amaryllis the care of his goats, and promised an early return. The sun declined, and Lycidas returned not. Amaryllis sighed at its farewell beam. She sat, her head reclined on her arm. Suddenly aerial notes floated in remote sounds. The startled Amaryllis exclaimed—the air sings in the clouds! The notes seemed approaching to her. She looked at the myrtle tree. They warbled more musically clear. She perceived Lycidas; he held something in his hands to his lips—hast thou found another nightingale? (Lycidas replied but by the accents of his harmonious mouth.) What miracle is this? Canst thou give a vocal soul to a hollow reed? Yes, (replied Lycidas) it was thou who didst instruct me: Thou didst resemble the voice of the nightingale to the light airs, breathing in the hollow reeds. All day I wandered for a nightingale, and I found none; I took a reed, and made little entrances for my breath:—I said, O gentle reed! I can give the air, if thou canst yield the voice of the nightingale.—I breathed, and it was music.

Quesnay was first physician in ordinary to Lewis XV. and patronized by Madame de Pompadour; and in this situation he had the courage to bring forward the elements of that political system, which was subsequently developed by Adam Smith and the French economists: but he was a man not to be tempted by any considerations to swerve from the paths of reason and of virtue. When urged by all his friends to employ his interest at court to obtain for his son the place of one of the farmers-general, he said, "I would not have a son of mine exposed to the temptation of finding himself interested in taxes inimical to the progress of commerce and agriculture. The happiness of my children shall be connected with the prosperity of the nation."

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

COWPER.

Customs and Manners of the inhabitants of Africa, between Cape Lopez and Ben-guola. No. III.

Women.—The chiefs consider their wives as indispensable appendages of grandeur and dignity. The great mass of the people regard them as a source of wealth and independence. They perform every servile office, cultivate the ground, herd the sheep and goats, make baskets, spin, weave, &c., whilst the men doze away their time smoking tobacco, or drinking palm-wine, except when engaged in war, in the chase, or in fishing, &c. The number of wives may thus be truly said to constitute the riches of the middle class.

The dress of the women differs considerably from that of the men: They have neither the cloth belt, cap, shawl, nor cat-skin, not even a fitch to guard them from danger! They are, however, allowed the limited use of beads and shells; and with these they decorate their person most profusely: a few strings of beads supply the place of the belt. There is scarcely an article of dress on which they set a higher value than the hair of the elephant's tail. It is wound round the neck with large pieces of coral strung upon it.

Tedious as are the operations of the toilet in our own country, they are of short duration compared to that process in Congo, where a whole day is often insufficient for the completion of a single head. Over the eye-lashes, black lines are drawn, and the front teeth are filed into one or two sharp fangs. Many of the women ornament their bodies with a sort of tattooing, which, judging from the size of the scars, must be a very cruel operation; but the custom is not common: they do not stain the wounded parts in the manner of the Otaheitan, with colouring substance. A married woman generally wears her hair after the fashion of her husband. Young women, arrived at a certain age, paint their bodies with a paste made from the powder of red-wood; and, instead of shaving their heads, although the hair is still kept short, plait it in elegant curves close to the skin.

Singing and dancing are two necessary accomplishments of a female. For these, and the servile offices of the conjugal life, she is chiefly valued. The wife is the property of her husband, who, for certain misdemeanors, can sell her; but this expedient is seldom resorted to, especially if her father be a man of consequence; in that case, recourse is had to the ordeal trial. She is in a manner purchased from her relations, than whose consent no other sanction is requisite to constitute the marriage. Their approbation is expressed by acceptance of a present, generally adequate to her full value were she sold in the market.

Stature.—The inhabitants of these countries are of the middle stature, and may be reckoned the blackest, as well as the most handsome, of the negro race. To a full chest and well proportioned limbs, we find united, regular features and an expressive countenance.

Character.—They have been called a jealous, cruel, and revengeful people, much given to theft; but in my opinion, very unjustly. I would rather term them, in their ordinary mode of life, a mild, inoffensive, and effeminate race; yet of astonishing resolution and perseverance when once roused to action. Of all the slaves brought from the coast of Africa, those of Congo are accounted the most refractory and determined on ship-board.

As an instance of their probity and honour, captain Couffin, when sailing up the river, run his ship upon a sunk rock. He was obliged to unload the whole cargo whilst the vessel was refitting; and, although the goods remained in their huts all that time, not a single article was missing.

To the spontaneous productions of nature, and to the climate which causes them to spring up so luxuriantly and in such profusion, must be ascribed the effeminacy of the Congoese, not to any inherent defect in the constitution of a race, whose outward appearance, time and situation have so altered. The negro, in his native land, is, comparatively speaking, in a great measure exempt from toil; he enjoys life to the full, and by a little tuition, can think as acutely and act as justly as the man, who, born in a civilized country, has enjoyed all the advantages of education.

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves; if they are just, whatever can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.

MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

THE TRIALS OF MARGARET LYNDSEY.

BY MR. GALT.

Mr. Galt has redeemed his fair name in one great excellence of all works—purity. He has given an interesting and affecting tale, which is founded on moral principle, and productive of moral feeling. In this work we meet with nothing that is not, in its nature, salutary, and with no incident that is not described in delicate colours. We meet too with that fascinating and peculiar style, which characterizes the "Lights and Shadows," and which frequently beautifies the "Entail." This style of writing, so glowing, fanciful, and romantic, is original with Mr. Galt. It was a dangerous experiment in prose; for the taste of modern ages has confined romance, and imagination of language, in a great degree, to the numbers of poetry. Whether this taste be just and natural, we do not at present choose to consider. It is enough that Mr. G. has acquired popularity, at least with a certain class of readers, and of course he merits the palm for having succeeded in an experiment somewhat hazardous. We are laying ourselves open to the charge of rashness, and perhaps stupidity, by preferring, as we most certainly do, the style of this writer, to that of the "Great Unknown" himself: at the same time, it is our honest opinion, and that we shall always take the liberty of avowing. It is only in point of style, however. In strong delineation of character, in fine and natural description of scenery, in deep and awakening incident, and in interest of story, there is no comparison between them.

We have no room to analyze the work before us, nor is it necessary. We merely wish to call the attention of our readers to the book itself, and to assure them that, if they have any thing like fancy in their composition, they will derive pleasure from its perusal. They will read of distress, deep and severe; of principle high, proud, and yet erring; of piety firm, unchangeable, and consoling; of love both pure and unjust, both joyous and destroying. They will have their feelings excited, and their sympathies aroused for the sufferings of the innocent, the pure, and the unoffending, as well as for the blind, the wandering, and the misguided. They will also find considerable violations of nature and probability in the incidents; yet these they will overlook, or, if they do not, will forgive in a writer who with all his faults has

"The pure ethereal soul
In each line seems so exquisitely keen;"

and who has a large portion of that high and mysterious, and lofty boon of nature—genius.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The London Journals for May present us with the following list of new publications:

The Linnæan System of Conchology, describing the orders, genera, and species of shells, arranged into divisions and families: with a view to facilitate the student's attainment of the science. By John Mawe.

A Natural Arrangement of British Plants, according to their relations to each other, as pointed out by Jussieu, De Candolle, Brown, &c.; including those cultivated for use; with their characters, differences, synonyms, places of growth, times of flowering, and sketch of their uses: with an introduction to Botany, in which the terms are explained. By Samuel Frederick Gray, Lecturer on Botany, the Materia Medica, &c.

The use of the Blowpipe in Chemical Analysis, and in the examination of minerals, by J. J. Berzelius, member of the Academy of Sciences of Stockholm, &c. Translated from the French of M. Fresnel, by J. G. Children, F. R. S. L. With a sketch of Berzelius' system of mineralogy; a synoptic table of the principal characters of the pure earths and metallic oxides before the blowpipe; and numerous notes and additions by the translator.

The young Navigator's Guide to the sidereal and planetary parts of Nautical Astronomy; being the theory and practice of finding the latitude, the longitude, and the variation of the compass by the fixed stars and planets: to which is prefixed the description and use of the new celestial planisphere. By Thomas Kerigan, Purser, R. N. Memoirs of the Life and Works of Sir Christopher Wren; an account of his contemporaries, and of the times in which he lived; with a view of the progress of architecture in England from the beginning of the reign of Charles I. to the end of the seventeenth century; an appendix of authentic documents. By James Elmes, Arch. M. R. I. A.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts will attend.

BROOKS.

THE ITALIAN IMPROVISATORI.

The people of London have lately been amused with a new species of dramatic exhibition, by M. Philippe Pistrucci, an Italian, called the *Improvisatori*, and consisting entirely of recitations of extempore poetry. All travellers have delighted in raising our curiosity by accounts of the wonders of the *Improvisatori*—their command of poetic language, their rapidity of composition, and their vigour of fancy. M. Pistrucci's appearance has at length brought the captivations of his art within the reach of untravelled ears. This faculty has been hitherto almost exclusively Italian, from the nature of the language, which offers peculiar facilities to rhyme, and perhaps in some degree from the old popular practice of turning all remarkable events into some shape of poetry. The present performance was interspersed with vocal music by Madam Camporese, Madame Vestris, Curioni, Placci, Reina, and De Begnis. After a *terzette*, M. Pistrucci commenced his recitation from the orchestra. His countenance is not formed exactly in the Italian mould, and his gesture is not exemplary for grace. But what the one wants in vividness, or the other in elegance, is made up in force, and M. Pistrucci certainly spares neither face nor figure in his more elevated moments. No man can seem more inflamed by his own imaginations. His first topic was *Orestes*. On this he declaimed in a succession of smooth stanzas for nearly a quarter of an hour. He described the first self-condemnation of the parricide, his flight, the vision of the furies, the aspects of the furies, at great length; the despair and final madness of the "Son of Clytemnestra," and described all amid frequent interruptions of applause. His recitation was a perpetual chant; a piano-forte accompanied his singing. The air was brief and unvaried, and his poetry was generally delivered in a slow and regular flow. Yet from time to time the reciter seemed to get sight of a favourite idea; he then hurried on the verse, raised his tone, gesticulated

more violently, and poured his conceptions in a torrent. His flow then subsided as rapidly as it had risen; he tried his way cautiously for a while among the common-places of poetry; and though he never intermitted the recitation, was evidently anxious to discover another opportunity of bursting out into fearless declamation. At the close of his first effort, and after some music, he solicited a subject from the audience. One was handed up to him. It was *Washington*—a productive theme, and one which he treated with dexterity and elegance. He described this *Summo Eroe* as having been led reluctantly to war, but as pursuing it with "valour invincible," as great in all that he did: in the midst of battles, seeming born for war; in peace, taking the pen of a legislator; and seeming made by heart and habit solely for pacific glory. This recitation was very highly applauded. M. Pistrucci again solicited a subject. It was a formidable one for a foreign poet—the *Battle of Waterloo*. After a few moment's consideration, he began. His delivery was remarkably slow, and for a while he appeared severely tasked by the weight, or the delicacy of the theme. He occasionally sank into the common-places which have been visited on us in every shape of poetry and prose since the day of that famous triumph. He talked of Wellington sitting unmoved upon the charger, which had at other times and on other plains, outstripped the wind; he talked of the chasms made in the French line by the discharges of grape, as like the openings of the infernal pit; but he soon recovered his better taste, and in his description of the British advance, irresistible, silent, and magnificent; of the Prussians, seen indistinctly and at a distance, like a confused and rolling thunder cloud; of their banners and lancers gradually distinguished, and, at length, of their full vision of terror and grandeur with Blücher at their head, expanding before the eyes of the French; the poet predominated over the rhyme, and M. Pistrucci showed great picturesque and pathetic power. The next subject, also proposed to him, was *Mary Queen of Scots*. This he discussed in a few well-turned but trifling stanzas. He then sustained an interlude of two Shepherdesses and a Shepherd; a dialogue which he managed with much ingenuity. Yet Italian pastorals are as unnatural as those of lands less gifted with hanging vines and serene skies, and M. Pistrucci's little interchange of the loves and jealousies of his rustics was more tedious than any other attempt of the night. His final recitation was, we believe, suggested by the audience. The subject was copious—*Ugolino in the Dungeon*. The proposer might have remembered that *Ugolino* had been pictured by Dante, and he might have been content with Dante. M. Pistrucci, however, probably, felt the peril of coping with the greatest of his countrymen; and his exertions were quickly at an end. He concluded in the midst of loud and deserved applause.

AMUSEMENTS FOR THE WEEK

PARK THEATRE, every evening; performance to commence at half past 7 o'clock. Boxes \$1, Pit 75 cents, gallery 50 cents.

CIRCUS, BROADWAY, every evening; performance to commence at half past 7 o'clock. Boxes 50 cents, Pit 25 cents, children under 10 years of age admitted to the boxes with families at 25 cents.

PAVILION THEATRE, CHATHAM GARDEN, every evening; performance to commence at 8 o'clock; admission 25 cents.

CIRCUS, RICHMOND HILL GARDEN, every evening; performance to commence at 8 o'clock; admission 37½ cents.

VAUXHALL GARDENS; Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday; admission 25 cents.

WASHINGTON THEATRE, COLUMBIAN GARDEN, every evening; performance to commence at 8 o'clock; admission 12½ cents.

AMERICAN MUSEUM, Park; admission 25 cents.

PAFF'S GALLERY OF PAINTINGS, Broadway; admission 25 cents.

MECHANICAL PANORAMA, Broadway; admission 25 cents.

BIOGRAPHY.

ANECDOTES OF DR. WOLCOT.

Dr. John Wolcot was born at Dodbroke, in England, about the year 1740. It is commonly reported that he received his school-education at Kingsbridge under a quaker, and that he went from Kingsbridge to France to complete his studies. He was placed in his childhood under the care of his uncle at Fowey, in Cornwall, and sent at a proper age to Leskeard school, when Hayden was its master; he was afterwards removed to Bodmin school, where he owed part of his scholarship to the Rev. Mr. Fisher. His uncle was a surgeon-apothecary of character, and a single man: to whom young Wolcot returned with the view of succeeding him in business. Such, at least, appears to have been his uncle's wish. But Wolcot was too early attached to the fine arts to submit to the drudgery of compounding drugs in a little sea-port town. To the Muses he had already begun to sacrifice. It is not easy to fix the date of that plaintive song—one of the sweetest of Jackson's melodies—

'How long shall hapless Colin mourn
'The cold regard of Delia's eye.'—&c.

Wolcot's Delia was no imaginary mistress. His Delia was Miss Coryton, one of the Crocadon family; with whom he became acquainted during his residence at Fowey. There also he developed his genius for drawing. In 1769, Sir William Trelawney, of Trelawney, Bart. was appointed Governor of Jamaica; when Wolcot, a distant relation of the Trelawneys, attended him to that island. On his voyage thither he wrote some fine descriptive sonnets.—At Jamaica, he commenced the surgeon; but he was still disposed to cultivate the art of poetry more than the art of medicine. From his 'Persian Love-Elegies,' of that period, many beautiful passages might be extracted. 'The Nymph of Tauris' (which may be found in the Annual Register for 1773) was Anne Trelawney, who died in Jamaica. The Elegies have more merit than Collin's Persian Eclogues, inasmuch as they characterize Eastern manners and moralities, and express passion and sentiment as an orientalist would express them. A valuable living in Jamaica now happening to fall vacant, drew Wolcot's attention to the church; and he came, we are told, to England for ordination. But the Bishop of London refused 'to admit him' (it is said) 'on account of his premature assumption of the clerical office'. He had begun 'to act the parson' immediately as the living fell vacant. Thus disappointed, he resumed his original profession, was dubbed M. D. and stepped at once into good practice at Truro. As to his clerical pretensions he was always reserved. He once was asked to repeat grace before dinner; which he did with some hesitation; but in another company (very soon after) declined saying grace; so that at first he was a sort of amphibious being. He had the credit not only of a skilful but of a benevolent physician. In fevers he was uncommonly successful. In some cases he suffered his patients to drink cold water, which other medical men would then have deemed fatal. From consumption many were rescued by his hand, who had been given up as irrecoverable.—As a physician he prescribed medicines, but he did more;

he examined them, not trusting to the apothecary; and sometimes detected with indignation a cheap medicine substituted for a costly one. He was thus no favourite with the apothecaries and druggists of the place. But his merits bearing all before it, shewed the impotence of their resentment. On one occasion he visited an old lady on the verge of 85, and reduced very low from weakness; she retained her natural cheerfulness and good-humour. About a week before her death, whilst Wolcot sat by her bedside, 'all is well' (said she) 'but for the crumbs under me; they are so hard; boil them and it would do'—said she smiling. 'Come I'll tell you a story.' She then told the story of 'The Pilgrim and the Peas.' Wolcot seized the idea; and we all know with what felicity he afterwards turned it to his poetical advantage. Wolcot disliked his profession. He was always a sensualist, but his chief luxury was music and painting. His market-bills were very inconsiderable. A single domestic was, day after day, the solitary inhabitant of his house on the bowling-green; and (Mr. Daniell's tenant) he held the premises, rent-free, through the liberality of that good old gentleman. When free from business, the wit and pleasantry of Wolcot's conversation would always render him a welcome visitor at the houses of all his acquaintance at Truro and the neighbourhood; and at that time there was a much more hospitable disposition, a much more social intercourse among the people of Truro, than at the present day. Mr. Daniell's, indeed, was the house to which our poet chiefly resorted. There he was usually to be found, and was never to be considered as an intruder. And in Mr. Daniell he saw with gratitude (for he had gratitude) a second Allen. It was in 1776 that Wolcot was called in to a beloved sister, who had been seized with a sudden stupor and died after a week's illness, notwithstanding all his efforts, and those of Dr. Gould then resident at St. Austel, now at Truro. Both physicians, though unable to define her disease, entertained hopes of her recovery; particularly Wolcot, who the day only before her death, protested that she was in no danger. 'I vow to God I see no danger!' said he.—It was very seldom, however, that the Doctor thus committed himself. According to the Doctor's report, Anne Trelawney was uncommonly credulous. Wolcot used to tell a story of a cherub, caught one evening on the blue mountains—which was put into a cage with a parrot. Before morning, the parrot had picked out the eyes of the poor cherub. This the Lady received, on the Doctor's credit, as an indisputable fact.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.
CAMPBELL.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE TEA TREE.

As the cultivation of the Tea Tree has lately been attempted in the United States, and, as appears, with considerable success, though on a limited scale, it may be generally useful to devote a portion of our columns to the natural history and cultivation of that extensively used and valuable plant.

The name given to this genus by Botanists, is *Thea*, belonging to the class of trigynia; of this genus Linnaeus enumerates two species—the bohea tea, having flowers with six petals; and the green tea having flowers with nine petals. But Dr. Lettson, in his botanical history of the tea plant, thinks it most probable that there is only one species, and that the difference between the green and bohea teas depends on the nature of the soil, culture, age, and the manner of drying the leaves. He adds, that it has even been observed, that a green tree, planted in the Bohea

country, will produce bohea, and on the contrary; and that on his examining several hundred flowers, brought from the bohea and green tea countries, their botanical characters have always appeared uniform.

The tea tree loves to grow in valleys, at the foot of mountains, and on the banks of rivers, where it enjoys a southern exposure to the sun; though it endures considerable variations of heat and cold, as it flourishes in the northern clime of Pekin, as well as about Canton; and it is observed that the degree of cold at Pekin is as severe in winter as in some of our northern states. The best tea, however, grows in a mild temperate climate, the country about Nankeen producing better tea than either Pekin or Canton, betwixt which places it is situated.

The root resembles that of the peach tree: the leaves are green, longish at the point, and pretty narrow: an inch and a half long, and jagged all round. The flower is much like that of the wild rose, but smaller. The fruit is of different forms, sometimes round, sometimes long, sometimes triangular, and of the ordinary size of a bean, containing two or three seed of a mouse colour, including each a kernel. These are the seeds by which the plant is propagated: from six to twelve or fifteen being promiscuously put into one hole, four or five inches deep, at certain distances from each other. The seeds vegetate without any other care, though the more industrious annually remove the weeds, and manure the land. The leaves which succeed are not fit to be plucked before the third year's growth, at which period they are plentiful and in their prime.

In about seven years the shrub rises to a man's height, and as it then bears few leaves, and grows slowly, it is cut down to the stem, which occasions an exuberance of fresh shoots and leaves the succeeding summer; some indeed defer cutting them till they are of ten years growth. In Japan, the tea tree is cultivated round the borders of the fields, without regard to the soil; but as the Chinese export considerable quantities of tea, they plant whole fields with it.

The best time to gather the leaves of tea is while they are yet small, young and juicy; and the different periods in which they are gathered are particularly described by Kœmpfer. They are plucked carefully one by one, and, notwithstanding the seeming tediousness of this operation, the labourers are able to gather from ten to fifteen pounds each in one day. The tea trees that yield often the finest leaves, grow on the steep declivities of hills, where it is dangerous, and, in some cases, impracticable to collect them. The Chinese are said to vanquish this difficulty by a singular contrivance. The large Monkeys which inhabit these cliffs are irritated, and, in revenge, they break off the branches, and throw them down, so that the leaves are thus obtained.

The buildings or drying houses, that are erected for curing tea, contain from five to twenty small furnaces, about three feet high, each having at the top a large flat iron pan. There is also a long low table covered with mats, on which the leaves are laid and rolled by workmen, who sit round it: the iron pan being heated to a certain degree by a little fire made in the furnace underneath, a few pounds of the fresh gathered leaves are put on the pan; the fresh and juicy leaves crack when they touch the pan, and it is the business of the operator to shift them as quick as possible, with his bare hands, till they become too hot to be easily endured. At this instant he takes of the leaves with a kind of shovel resembling a fan, and pours them on the mats before the rollers, who, taking small quantities at a time, roll them in the palms of their hands in one direction, while others are fanning them that they may cool the

more speedily, and retain their colour the longer. This process is repeated two or three times, or oftener, before the tea is put into the stores, in order that all the moisture of the leaves may be thoroughly dissipated, and their colour more completely preserved. On every repetition, the pan is less heated, and the operation performed more slowly and cautiously. The tea is then separated into the different kinds, and deposited in the store for domestic use or exportation.

The Chinese know nothing of imperial tea, flower of tea, and many other names, which serve to distinguish the goodness and the price of this fashionable commodity. But, besides the common tea they distinguish two other kinds, viz. the *wou* and *soumo* which are reserved for the people of the first quality, and those who are sick. Green tea is the common tea of the Chinese, and is gathered from the plant in April. It is held very digestive, and a little astringent; it gives a palish green to water, and its leaves are much twisted. Bohea tea, which is the *wou* tea, or *bou tcha* of the Chinese, differs only, according to Le Compté, from the Green tea, by its being gathered a month before it, and while in the bud: hence the smallness of the leaves, as well as the depth of the tincture which it gives to water. Others, as already noticed, consider it the tea of some particular province; the soil being found to make an alteration in the properties of the tea as much as the season of gathering it.

STEAM NAVIGATION.

Captain J. H. Johnston's plan for establishing, by means of steam navigation, a communication with Calcutta and the East Indies generally, via the Mediterranean, Isthmus of Suez and the Red Sea: the voyage out and home to be completed within 120 days.

I deem it unnecessary to dwell upon the efficiency of steam vessels to navigate upon the open seas, and to encounter severe gales, even with greater advantages than those provided only with masts and sails. It would be superfluous also to attempt to demonstrate that which is in itself evident—I mean the very great advantage that would derive to merchants individually, and to the public generally, by the means of speedy communication with our Asiatic dominions. How this desirable object may be attained, with the prospect of a fair remuneration to those who are its promoters and supporters, I will endeavour to show, advancing always my opinions with diffidence, and inviting information from gentlemen whose experience on some points, or whose data on others, may enable them to detect inaccuracies, or suggest improvements. The difficulties to be surmounted are of different degrees, and present themselves in a natural succession, in which I propose to discuss them. And 1st. The route up the Mediterranean, across the Isthmus of Suez, on camels, up the Red Sea, round Ceylon, and up the Bay of Bengal to Calcutta, appear the most direct. 2d. The convenient places to touch at, for the purpose of replenishing fuel, with the distances between each, are probably as follows:—

Sailing from Plymouth (to which port passengers may be conveyed from London by the Plymouth Steam Packet) to Gibraltar, about	Miles.	Days.
From Gibraltar to Malta,	1150	7
From Malta to El Arish,	1000	6
Across the Isthmus to Suez, on camels, 120 miles,	1200	6
From Suez to Mocha, or the Island of Perim, 1200	1200	8
From Mocha to the Isle of Socotra, 600	600	5
From Socotra to Cochlin, 1350	1350	8
From Cochlin to Trincomalee,*	600	5
From Trincomalee, touching at Madras, to Calcutta,	1020	6

Making the whole distance by sea, 7920 57

In round numbers 8000 miles; of which 3200 are on the north and west side the Isthmus, and 4800 on the south and east.

We have next to consider the capability of a vessel to carry fuel for the great-

* It is supposed that a passage may be found over the Devil's Bridge, through Falk's Straits, which will shorten the distance six or eight hundred miles between Cochlin and Calcutta.

east distance, that between Socotra and Cochin, of 1350 miles. And although in calculating the expense of coal, I shall assume that a vessel of 400 tons, with an engine of 100 horse power, may obtain nine miles of speed from the consumption of nine bushels of coals; or that the expense of coals will, on an average, be equal to one bushel per mile; still I think the vessel should at each depot complete to at least 60 chaldrons, which, on the greatest distance, would admit of their making as little as five miles and a half per hour, for the whole passage; and on the distance between Plymouth and Gibraltar, where, at some seasons, the greatest resistance may be expected, 60 chaldrons would be sufficient, at the rate of four miles and a half per hour. And if the calculation be made on ten complete voyages in the year, at the greatest consumption—that is, supposing 60 chaldrons to be supplied from each depot, at each demand, we shall arrive at a quantity that may be considered as sufficient for the first supply to the different depots, to be afterwards kept up according to the actual expense. And it will be

From Plymouth	10 of 60 Chald.	600 at 40—1200
Gibraltar, 10 out 10 home	20 of 60 do.	1200 at 90—2400
Malta do.	20 of 60 do.	1200 at 100—2000
Syria, 10 home	10 of 60 do.	600 at 110—3300

Making	Chaldrons	3600	£15,900
Or take the average at 10s. per chaldron, or 2s. 6d. a bushel.			
On the south-east side of the Isthmus there will be required	Chaldrons		
At Suez, for 10 voyages out, 10 home 10 of 60—	600		
Mocha, 10 do.	10 do. 20 of 30—600		
Socotra, 10 do.	10 do. 20 of 30—600		
Cochin, 10 do.	10 do. 20 of 30—600		
Princemate, 10 do.	10 do. 20 of 30—600		
Calcutta, 10 do.	10 do. 20 of 30—600		
Making in all		4800	

Which may be calculated to average, at the different depots, 2s. 4d. per bushel. The price of coals at Calcutta, brought from Burdwan, exchanging 2s. per rupee, is eight annas, or 1s. per maund of 80 lbs., equal to one English bushel; or it is 2s. 6d. per chaldron.

Next is to be considered the passage of the Isthmus; and, until negotiations are entered into and arrangements actually made, we must be contented with a calculation of the expenses on a scale which will certainly exceed the reality.

A camel capable of travelling a distance daily of 30 miles, with a load of four cwt., may be procured for 10 or 12 dollars—say 3l. Estimate, keep, and attendance (at per annum)—say 3l. Present to the Pacha, for escort, &c. each caravan, 400 dollars Boxes to attendants, &c. 50 dollars; and suppose 50 tons of cargo, and 30 persons with baggage, 400 camels would be the least number required, at 3l. each, 1200l.; £2400. Their food and keep for 12 months, 1200l.; £2400. Interest 5 per cent., wear and tear, 20—25—500l. £600 divided by 30 (the number of passages across) is for each passage, 20l. 0s. £142 10s. Boxes 450 dollars, at 5s. 112l 10s. £142 10s. Or, in round numbers, 150l.

The wages of seamen may be estimated at 2l. per month; their victualling at 2l. more; and although the wages of seamen, and the expense of victualling them is much less in India than in Europe, yet, as a larger number is required in those seas, it will be fair to calculate on the same expense in making an estimate. Commanders and artificers, employed on the south-east side of the Isthmus, must receive more wages than those employed on the home station. It unfortunately happens, that the three fairest months in the British Channel and Atlantic are the worst in the Bay of Bengal and the Arabian Sea, and *vice versa*; the south-west Monsoon being strongest from the middle of June to the middle of August; whilst December, January, and February, bring fine weather in those seas. I am of opinion, however, that vessels may make passages for ten months in the year, the steam-boats, during the prevalence of the south-west Monsoon, leaving the Hoogly by Larcom's Channel, and keeping the Orix and Coromandel coasts close on board. To perform the contemplated service, it will be necessary to have at least three, and perhaps four, vessels on each side the Isthmus. They should be of 400 tons, of the strongest build, and of 100 horse power, with latteen sails, or lug foresail, and schooner-rigged abaft; but the experiment of the latteen sails should be made; because when the yards are down, the masts present less surface to the wind than those of any other rig.

The vessel should be fitted for the accommodation of 25 passengers, and from 50 to 100 tons of cargo; to be manned with a crew of 20 men, including mates and artificers; to be completed to 20 days' provisions and water; and to sail on the first day of every month from Plymouth and Calcutta. The vessels may readily be contracted for, and built under inspection for 20l. per ton; and the engines will cost, probably, 5000l. each; or, in round numbers, the vessel may be completed for 14,000l. The estimate of the outlay and receipt for the first twelve months may be,

Six vessels, of 400 tons and 100 horse power, at 14,000l. each,	84,000
Invested in Coals at the Depots,	36,000
Invested on Camels,	1,200
Capital invested,	121,200
Insurance on 121,200l. at 10 per cent.	12,120
Wear and tear of Engines 30,000l. at 20 per cent.	6,000
Do. on Wood and Iron 54,000l. at 15 per cent.	8,100
160,000 miles of fuel, at 2s. 6d. per mile,	20,000
Grease, Stuffs, and Packing for six engines,	1,000
Six Principal Engineers, at 70l. per annum,	420
36 Engine Men and Stokers, at 25l. per annum,	1,260
Six Commanders, at 200l.	1,200
Twelve Mates, at 40l.	480
Seventy Seamen, at 24l.	1,680
Victualling 106 Men at 20l. per annum,	2,120
Port Charges, a rough estimate, the Calcutta Pilotage being exceedingly heavy, a great reduction may be expected—say each voyage 50l. for 20,	1,000
Passage of the Isthmus,	3,000
Mess,	10,000
Commission 2½ per cent.	1,712
Total Outlay,	170,194

It is not being too sanguine to suppose that the number of passengers will be complete every voyage for the three Presidencies; those from Bombay may join at Cochin by an auxiliary packet; and the price fixed at 206l. is the lowest usually paid for an inferior accommodation on board a ship trading to India. To the individual a great saving in equipment will result, from the shortness of the passage, and the necessity of limiting the quantity of baggage; whilst the gain of time, and the pleasing prospect of setting foot on land once in eight or ten days, will be strong inducements for preference to this route

25 Passengers for 20 voyages will yield, at 200l. each,	5,000
Less Commission 2½ per cent.	1,250
30 x 20 = 1000 tons of cargo at 15l.	15,000
Less Commission 2½ per cent.	3,750
Net Proceeds of 20 Voyages,	11,000
Amount of Outlay,	70,194
Profit on this estimate,	41,931

Which I do not think exaggerated; and I feel convinced that after one or two voyages, the rate of passage may be lowered to 150l. fixing the interest at 12 per cent., and setting apart a sum for redeeming the capital, for experimental purposes, and for constructing a carriage road across the Isthmus, with proper halting places; a point which, by the judicious application of one or two thousand pounds, might be effected through the Pacha of Egypt.

Having, I trust, demonstrated the advantage likely to result from the proposed establishment, it only remains to devise the means best calculated to promote it. And I can speak positively to the cordial co-operation that will be given by our Asiatic friends. In the foregoing prospectus I have calculated on an expense which would be adequate to the establishment of a number of vessels sufficient to keep up a constant communication with India. But as prejudices are to be overcome, it will perhaps be prudent to begin with only two vessels, one on each side the Isthmus, and to increase the number as the confidence of the public becomes established. In making this estimate it would have been unfair to calculate on contingencies; but there can be little doubt that the expense for fuel might be very considerably reduced. Ships proceeding to the Mediterranean, and which now frequently go in ballast, would, if a demand existed, be glad to deliver coals at an advance of from 10s. to 15s. on the shipping price in the river; and should the late invention of Mr. Perkins be found applicable to the engines on board vessels, the expense, on account

of fuel, will be reduced to one eighth of the sum which has been estimated. The insurance and wear and tear are also estimated at a very high rate; whilst on the other hand no profit has been anticipated on the carriage of letters and dispatches, which would certainly accrue, since the Post-office could never afford to establish an independent conveyance.

ON SWIMMING.

Some have imagined that the difficulty which man finds in swimming, arises from the weight of his head. They say, that of all animals man has the fullest head, and that in which there are few vacuities; consequently, being the heaviest part, it destroys the equilibrium of his body, and makes him sink; whereas brutes, having the head lighter on account of the great cavities found in it, their whole body, when in the water, has a more perfect equilibrium; and to this is owing that facility with which we observe them to swim.

This faculty appears to us, in the first place, to arise from the different conformation of the respective bodies. Quadrupeds have it, because their bodies are placed, horizontally, on four legs; and man is deprived of it, because his body stands, vertically, upon two only. Secondly, because the natural motion of brutes, without any art, is sufficient to make them swim, while the same motion precipitates a man to the bottom of the water.

When the horse falls into the water, he can move his limbs with much facility; his first motion, that which fear suggests, is to turn himself and to place himself upright upon his four legs, which the liquidity of the water permits him to do with ease. In this situation, he finds his body in its usual attitude; he is in exact equilibrium, the centre of gravity being in the middle of his belly, and nothing is wanting to him but to be supported in the water. The second motion, which follows from the same principle of fear, is to walk, in order to avoid the danger which his fall makes him apprehend; he moves, therefore, as if he were upon dry land, in hopes of finding the ground which he seeks for, and this motion alone is sufficient to make him swim. Thus moving his legs in the same manner, whether he swims or walks, he is supported in the water; if there be any difference, it is trifling and involuntary, and a mechanical effect arising from the density of the water, through which it is more difficult for him to make his way, than through air.

When a man unacquainted with the art of swimming, falls into the water, he performs, in the same manner as a brute, those mechanical motions which are familiar to him, and which he employs even when he falls on dry ground; but the case is very different; for that which saves the brute, occasions the man to perish. The first motion which he makes, if he falls upon his back, is to turn himself on his belly, as he does on land; the second, to plunge his legs, and to seek the ground, and then to stretch out his hands before him, to lay hold of the first object he can meet with. If by chance he finds at the bottom of the water any solid body to which he can fix himself, he has not gained any advantage, since we supposed him ignorant of those regular and methodical motions which constitute the art of swimming. Even though he knows them by theory, he can execute them very imperfectly if he has never practised them, and his embarrassment is still increased by the prospect of sudden death, which his being deprived of the power of respiration brings before his eyes. Hence proceed all those irregular motions which precipitate him to the bottom, and which are quite opposite to those which are requisite to support

him in the water. Thus the first motions, which are merely mechanical, are sufficient to make brutes swim, on account of their conformation, so well adapted for that purpose. For a contrary reason, the first mechanical motions which a man makes, are the cause of his destruction.

A man who has not learned to swim, when he falls into the water would undoubtedly swim naturally as well as animals, could he keep his body in a vertical and fixed position, and move his legs forward, as he does when he walks upon the ground. The most skilful swimmers do this often for pleasure. All the Hottentots swim in this manner. Mr. Kolben, in his "description of the Cape of Good Hope," mentions this circumstance, in the following words:—"I must confess that the Hottentots are the best and the boldest swimmers I ever saw. Their manner of swimming has even something very striking; and I do not know if any other nation practise the same method. They swim upright, so that their necks are entirely out of the water, as well as their arms which they hold up. To keep themselves in equilibrium, and to push themselves forward, they make use of their feet; but I could never comprehend how they put them in action. It is however certain, that they advance with great rapidity. They look downwards, and have almost the same attitude as if they were walking on dry ground." But it is impossible for a man who has not been accustomed to it, to take this attitude, because the motion of the water and the unsteadiness of his body, always tottering in a liquid, tend every moment to make him lose his vertical direction, and notwithstanding all his efforts, to draw him either backwards or forwards. On this account, he has been obliged to have recourse to another expedient; but this expedient is not a habit given him by nature. In the first who put it into practice, it must have been the effect of reflection, and of manœuvring with ingenuity. He has first thought of putting his body in the same attitude as that of beasts; that is to say, in an horizontal position, and extended over the water. In this situation, he has found it much easier to preserve an equilibrium; he has then had nothing to do but to agitate his arms and legs, in order to produce those motions necessary for supporting him; and it must have been by the number and variety of his motions, that he discovered those which were proper for his purpose.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

On the use of chilled cast iron for punches and other tools.—It is well known, that, in making holes in red hot iron articles, such for instance as wheel-tire, horse-shoes, &c. the hardened and tempered steel punches become softened from the effect of the heat; and changing their shape, must be repaired from time to time. Mr. Peter Keir, engineer of St. Pancras, several years since having occasion to make many holes in the wheel tire of artillery carriages, and horse shoes; and having experienced the above inconvenience in a very great degree, luckily bethought himself of substituting punches made of chilled cast iron for those of steel, and which he found fully to answer the purpose, as they constantly retained their original hardness, notwithstanding they very frequently became red hot in using. As, however, chilled cast iron is not sufficiently tough to bear bending without breaking, he found it necessary to strengthen his punches, by surrounding and enclosing their stems in cast iron holes, made of shapes corresponding with the stems, in properly shaped supports, and having their points only standing out a sufficient length for use.

On forming cutting Tools of cast steel as hard and tough as possible.—It is well known that the proper hardening heat for cast steel is exceedingly difficult to be attained, and that a very little excess of heat is sufficient to deprive it of its most valuable properties; hence, in order to obtain the edges of points of steel instruments of the greatest degree of strength for important purposes, such for instance as the edges of knives for dividing mathematical instruments, Mr. Stancliffe, an excellent maker of those instruments, and formerly a workman of the celebrated Mr. Ramsden, adopted the following most excellent method. After shaping the tool, and condensing it by hammering, he carefully heated the point and quenched it: he then with the edge of a file made trial by filing along from the soft and unhardened part, to that part of it where it became hard; and formed his cutting part or edge by grinding and whetting that part to shape. He was thus assured of the quality of his tool being the best that the steel he employed could possibly produce; nor did it require tempering as usual.

Kneading Machine.—Simonds, in his "Tour in Switzerland," says,—I have seen here a kneading machine, so simple and effectual, as to make it deserving notice. A deal box, two feet long, one foot high, and one wide, turning on its long axle (it does not run through the box, but is screwed on each end,) by means of a crank at the end, which a child may turn; one side opens on hinges, the inside is divided by means of one or two moveable partitions for different sorts of bread at one time.—The lump of dough is thrown in, and the crank turned in the manner of a coffee-roaster. No hooks or bars or any thing inside; a hissing noise, occasioned by the carbonic gas escaping, indicates the working of the dough; and in about half an hour (less in warm weather) it is fit for the oven. The fault, if any, is that the bread is too much raised; I need not say that this is a much cleaner process of bread-making than the common one. This machine, neatly executed, with its stand, iron fastenings, &c. costs, at Lausanne, forty shillings sterling; one might be made any where, and, however coarsely, it would answer the same purpose.

Botany.—A beautiful specimen of the *Enea Gloriosa*, or Hundred Year Plant, is at present going into flower in the garden of Colonel Glass, at Abbey Park, St. Andrew's, Scotland. The gardener asserts that he has known the identical plant for more than 30 years, and has never seen any appearance of flower before.

Stonehenge.—This ancient pile forms the subject of the Newdigate Prize Poem this year, in the University at Oxford. Stonehenge was erected, according to Rapan, in the year 473, by Ambrosius Aurelianus, in memory of the 300 Britons who were massacred on the 1st May, by Hengist the Saxon.

MINERVA MEDICA.

Use of Phosphoric Acid in Jaundice.—Dr. Caleb Miller has stated the success he obtained in cases of jaundice, by the use of phosphoric acid. His practice is to give a cathartic of calomel and jalap, or some of the neutral salts, and then balm tea, moderately acidulated with the phosphoric acid, which is to be continued till it operates as a diuretic, and until the urine becomes clear, or nearly so. One patient had taken eight pints in twenty-four hours. In general, the yellowness disappears in three or four days from the skin. Dr. Miller has met with but one case (a person 80 years of age) that has not yielded to this treatment.

Experimental Physiology.—A correspondent at Toulon, after extolling the experimental physiology of Magendie, adds—"About three weeks ago he made a very extraordinary discovery, and one likely to lead to most important results. He divided the principal nerves of an animal at different times, to become acquainted with their different uses. To his great astonishment, he found invariably, on dividing a pair of nerves proceeding from the spinal marrow, that he deprived the animal of motion and instinct. On cutting the one to the right, the animal was deprived of instinct; and dividing the left, of motion—without destroying life.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Owl.—Besides the white owl, and the grey owl, there is another that remains in Hudson's Bay all the year, and is called by the Indians Cob-a-dee-cooch. It is so far inferior in size to the white and grey owls, that it seldom weighs half a pound; is of a mottled brown, the feathers long, and of a most delicate soft and silky quality. In general this species feed on mice, and birds they find dead; and are so impudent at times, that they light on a partridge when killed by the hunter, but not being able to carry it off, are often obliged to relinquish the prize. Like the white owl, at times, though but seldom, they follow the report of a gun, and by so frequently skimming round the sportsman, frighten the game nearly as much as the hawk. They seldom go far from the woods, build in trees, and lay from two to four eggs. They are never fat, and their flesh is eaten only by the Indians.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE AGED LOVER.

An old acquaintance of mine, of the age of 75, who has buried two wives, and has one foot in the grave, instead of preparing for that transition from this mundane sphere, which must shortly take place, was lately making love again to a fine young girl of eighteen. It was truly laughable to see the old beau tottering to the house of his mistress day after day, with his hair neatly arranged, his face just shorn, the plaited ruffles of his shirt pointed out from his bosom, the end of his white linen handkerchief suspended from his pocket, and his shoes shining like the eyes of his black man Pompey. Like the faithful dove, he daily told the tale of his love into the ear of his innamorata, and the midnight moon often witnessed his sighs. The old man's eyes were frequently bedewed as he was speaking of his dear Susan, and love seemed to have taken entire possession of his tender heart. "My Susan!" he would say, "what a fine black eye she has, and what a beautiful row of teeth. Oh! she is a pretty girl." And the old man would sally out to convince himself anew, by actual vision, of the charms of his mistress.

But Susan who had made a laughing stock of old Josephus, for such I shall at present call him, was finally tired of the game, and one day fairly invited the lover out of the house. Indeed, on that day I thought that my friend would breathe his last. He was pale and silent—his eyes were constantly suffused, and frequent groans would indicate a mighty convulsion in the old man's breast. "Oh dear me!" he would occasionally moan out with a heavy sigh, and continue silent as if agonized by some overpowering affliction. Had a stranger entered at that moment, ignorant of my friend's disorder, he would inevitably have pronounced him to be in the jaws of the spoiler. Indeed I felt some alarm lest this modern Petrarch should actually have concealed himself ruined by the scorn of the fair one, and I endeavoured to console his burthened bosom. But he forbade me

offering any emollients. "Oh Anastasius!" quoth he, placing his hand on his breast, and with a faltering voice, "you do not know my feelings. You do not know the pain that I suffer, or you would not think of consoling me! You would pity me, my friend, if you could see within," he added, pointing to his heart. The scene was serious; but it was by a miracle that I refrained from laughing aloud in the old man's face. I hastened out of the room, and throwing myself on a seat, indulged in a luxurious banquet of laughter. When my muscles were somewhat composed, I returned to my friend. He gradually became tranquil, and towards evening I left him.

The sorrows of Josephus seemed to be inveterate, and I had no hope of soon seeing a smile on his face. But impressions on an old man's heart are faint and evanescent, unlike the deep and lasting sorrows of the young and sanguine. Ere a week had rolled around, I again saw my friend, gay as a goldfinch. His grief was gone, and he was like a new man. In a fortnight after his "young love" had discarded him, Josephus was at the feet of a dowager of fifty, whose estate happened to lie contiguously to his, and his title to which, would tend to round the form of his possessions. He had become tired of love. It was an element unsuitable for his gray hairs, and dearly had he suffered from indulging it. He resolved that now, love, further than outward show, should have nothing to do with his marriage; and instead thereof, that his heart should be comforted by some round thousands. Accordingly, after a few weeks were elapsed, the following appeared in staring Capitals: "Married by Bishop — Josephus — to Elizabeth —." During the honey moon, this sweet pair of doves were cooing, and kissing, and smiling, and ogling like two young lovers, and would that Sheridan or Colman could have seen and copied them, or old Hogarth had been at hand with his comic pencil!

Josephus has even hopes of posterity, and glories in the perpetuity of his name. Whether his expectations will be realized or disappointed, can hardly be a question with any body that knows him. He has descended too far in the valley of years to leave any of his blood behind him; and soon will the mower, whom he hates the more, the more that he approaches, cut in two the thread of his existence. He will then be forgotten by his survivors, and ere an age shall have rolled round, the fact that such a man as Josephus — ever lived, will be utterly unknown.

The illusions of the human mind are strikingly illustrated in my aged friend. Instead of looking for dissolution as an event shortly to happen, he is framing plans to be carried into effect many years hence when, he seems to think, he will be the same "two and sixpence" that he is at this moment. And even when he does bring his mind to the possibility of his death at some distant time, he confidently expects that his name and race will flourish long after he is gone. Foolish man! you little think that imbecility has long ere this laid her withering hand upon you.

His wife, who had long been a widow, has almost forgotten the language of love and courtship. Her attempts to pet the old dotard, and her manner when listening to the silly conceits of her husband, are peculiarly awkward. Upon the whole, my friend Josephus — and Elizabeth his wife, form a pair that are seldom seen. They exhibit the follies of human nature, particularly when the faculties are waning towards their second infancy, in strong relief—and the spectacle, although at times it may excite the ridicule, and provoke the laughter of the bystander, cannot but awaken in a serious mind, a train of melancholy and painful reflections.

ANASTASIO.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 13. of Vol. II. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*The Captive*; from the Spanish.—*Warbeck of Wolfstein*.

THE TRAVELLER.—*Funeral Ceremonies in Lapland*.—*Winter in Paris*, in 1823.

LITERATURE.—*Quentin Durward*; by Dr. Greenfield, author of the *Waverly novels*.—*Randolph*; by the author of "Logan," and "Seventy-Six."

THE DRAMA.—*London Theatres*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*On the Language of Signs*; by Dr. Akersley. *Fascination of Serpents*. *Origin and History of Gem Engraving*. *Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals*.—*Minerva Medica*.

POETRY.—"To Cora;" "Return of the Epervier," and "Retrospection;" by Florio. "Lines," written by Ann Maria Someriodike. "The Caddy Kiss;" by B.

GLEANEER, RECORD, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!—HAMLET.

It is mentioned in the American Farmer, published at Baltimore, that Gen. Kinggold, of Washington County, keeps his flocks of sheep pasturing in his wheat, until near the middle of April. By this means the fly, then in the young shoots, was in a great measure extirpated. His system is to have them confined in their range, to a given space—and so pass them regularly over the whole field. This, too, has the effect of distributing their manure equally.

A watering place has lately been established in Virginia, called the Botetourt Springs, which is likely to become a place of considerable public resort. There are two springs—one strongly impregnated with sulphur and magnesia—the other a tonic. The waters of which have been found very efficacious in a variety of diseases.

A silver mine has been discovered, and is about to be opened and wrought, on the river Arkansas. The mineral is said to be rich and abundant.

Some of the physicians of South Carolina give it as their opinion, that the noxious weed called *Dog Fennel*, which grows spontaneously, generates disease. It is recommended that farmers be compelled to pull it up before it runs to seed.

Mobile has been visited with unusual swarms of flies, which almost filled the air and covered the houses, and sides and shrouds of the vessels in port, so as to obscure the walls of the former, and the canvas of the latter. The swarms floated in the air like clouds. The Mobile editor says, the fly, in its character and appearance, comes nearer to the ephemera or day fly, as described by Barbut.

Proposals have been issued for publishing a new semi-weekly paper, to be called the *Troy Sentinel*, of which O. L. Holley, Esq. formerly of this city, is to be editor.—Also, proposals for publishing by subscription a Poem entitled, "The Pleasures of Poverty," by Solomon Southwick, Esq.

MARRIED,

Mr. John Lorimer to Miss Charlotte Sinclair.
Mr. Amos Ryder to Miss Elizabeth Mabce.
Mr. James Suydam, jun. to Miss Charlotte Amelia Heyer.
Mr. Elias Hadley to Miss Susan Arsen.
Mr. William Drummond to Miss Elizabeth Ackerman.
Mr. Edward Clark to Miss Ellis Mollaney.
Mr. Lewis Sherry Michel to Miss Elizabeth Prior.

DIED,

Mr. James Reynolds, aged 38 years.
Mrs. Elizabeth Housman, aged 93 years.
Mr. William Hoogland, in the 25th year of his age.
Mr. Henry Silford, aged 39 years.
Mr. Jesse Ten Brook, aged 24 years.
Mr. Levi Solomons, of Albany.
Mr. Charles Falconi, a native of Italy, aged 74 years.
Mr. Henry Hannah, aged 33 years.
Mr. Richard M'Gary, in the 66th year of his age.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

To Susan on leaving New-York.

Farewell!—if from me thou must fly,
I'll bear the lot by fate assign'd me;
Of joys I felt when thou wert nigh
Each future hour will still remind me.

Few, short, and far between, have been
The hours of bliss to me allotted
On Earth, and most with thee I've seen,
They can from mem'ry ne'er be blotted.

When music wakes the ear of night,
I'll think 'tis thou that send'st the strain;
And fancy shall regale the sight
With her I ne'er may view again.

When joining in the merry dance,
With those we've tripp'd with oft before,
Thy presence shall our sports enhance,
By memory given to charm once more.

When, too, from joy and pleasure torn,
To the dull cares of life I'm hurried;
While on life's tossing waves I'm borne,
Each thought distress'd, each passion worried;

I'll think on thee—that thought shall break
In brightness o'er my path again,
And all the slumbering joys awake,
That in my bosom still remain.

For the Minerva.

To —

Why so soon must every feeling
Thus be overwhelmed in woe?
Why no future hour for dealing
Such a keen and fatal blow?

As the star, when brightest beaming,
Oft is darken'd by a cloud;
Lo, my hope, when fairest seeming,
Wither'd in a burial shroud.

Who could dream, when thou wert blooming,
Such a flower so soon could fade?
But I've gaz'd on thy tombstone,
All my joys with thee are laid.

Every flower that blossoms near thee,
Droops thy sinking to deplore;
Earth should not have hop'd to rear thee,
Now that Eden blooms no more.

AMADOR.

For the Minerva.

LOVE AND REASON

Was ever man plagued with such quarrels and strife
Betwixt reason and love about taking a wife?
Love urges me, on and still bids me pursue,
And reason exclaims, "you're a fool if you do!"

Love says she is lovely, love says she is fair,
That her mind is as pure as a spirit of air;
But reason replies, "she's a terrible shrew;
You may wed if you please—you're a fool if you do."

Love has the advantage for waking or sleeping,
In each cock of my bosom I find him still creeping,
While reason in slumbers will oft close his eye:
This is always the case when Augusta is by.

Then love, who is always a busy young knave,
Will point out her beauties—the curls where they wave;
Bids me read in her eye the sweet magical lore,
And triumphantly asks me "oh what would you more?"

But reason awakes from his slumbers again,
And pours such a torrent of eloquence then;
Though the dictates of love I would gladly pursue,
I'll take reason's advice—I'll be hang'd if I do!

New-Orleans, 1833.

BALLAD.—By HENRY NEALE.

"Old man, old man, thy locks are gray,
And the winter winds blow cold;
Why wander abroad on thy weary way,
And leave thy home's warm fold?"

"The winter winds blow cold, 'tis true,
And I am old to roam;
But I may wander the wide world through
Ere I shall find my home."

"And where do thy children loiter so long?
Have they left thee, thus old and forlorn,
To wander wild heather and hills among,
While they quaff from the lusty horn?"
"My children have long since sunk to rest,
To that rest which I would were my own;
I have seen the green turf placed over each breast,
And read each lov'd name on the stone."

"Then haste to the friends of thy youth, old man,
Who lov'd thee in days of yore;
They will warm thy old blood with the foaming can,
And sorrow shall chill it no more."
"To the friends of my youth in far-distant parts,
Over moor, over mount, I have sped;
But the kind I found in their graves, and the hearts
Of the living were cold as the dead."

The old man's cheek, as he spake grew pale;
On the grass green sod he sank.
While the evening sun o'er the western vale
Set midst clouds and vapours dank
On the morrow that sun in the eastern skies
Rose ruddy, and warm, and bright;
But never again did that old man rise
From the sod which he press'd that night.

A FADED ROSE.

So thou hast flourish'd—had thy day—and died!
And all the beauties the remains of thee
Are semblance in thine offspring, and the tide
Of recollection, what thou wast, or living seem'd to be.
And this is all earth's greatest monarchs see!
Save the strange pomp of burials, statues, tombs,—
The mortal honours of departed majesty.
Oh! could'st thou, blighted beauty, but resume
Thy post, when thou and all around thee were in bloom!

But thou must perish with the reckless day,
And sacrifice thy loveliness to death;
E'en as meteor thou shalt pass away,
Or vanish like the ray which gave thee birth;
Thy glowing days are past—the fragrant breath,
Wrapt in th' drooping foliage of thy bosom, sleeps
As if it had not been,—thy leaves, which budded forth
Their beautiful hues, have ceased to bloom—Thus all
Away, and mingle with the earth, as billows with the deep

THE NUN AND FRIAR.

If you become a nun, dear,
A friar I will be;
In any cell you run, dear,
Pray look behind for me.
The rose, of course, turns pale too;
The doves all take the veil too;
The blind will see the show;
What! you become a nun, my dear?
I'll not believe it,—no.

If you become a nun, dear,
The bishop Love will be;
The Cupids every one, dear,
Will chant "We trust in thee!"
The incense will go sighing,
The candles fall a dying,
The water turn to wine:
What! you go take the vows, my dear?
You may—but they'll be mine.

LOVE IN A BOAT.

From the Russian Anthology.

'Tis a calm and silent even,
Luna rests upon the sea;
See! th' impelling breeze has driven,
Driven a little bark to me.

What a lovely child is seated
At the helm—a trembling child!
"Thou wilt perish, boy ill-fated!
Whelm'd among the surges wild."

"Help me! help me! gentle stranger!
All my strength, alas, is gone:
Take the helm—conduct the ranger
To some harbor of thy own."

Fits warmth, that never freezes,
Bid me seize the helm:—we sped,
Wafted by awakening breezes,
As by feather'd arrows led.

Swiftly, swiftly then we glided
By the flowery shores along;
Reach'd a spot where joy presided,
Smiling nymphs, and dance, and song.

Music welcomed us and laughter,
Garlands at our feet were thrown;
Then I look'd my wanderer after—
I was left—the bark was gone.

On the stormy shore I laid me,
Careless of the surge's spray;
Sought the child who had betray'd me,
Saw him laugh—and row away.

Lo! he beckons—lo! he urges—
Through the noisy waves I fly:
Off he speeds across the surges,
Laughing out with louder joy.

Wet and weary, I retreated
To the scene of revelry:
'Twas a fairy dream that cheated—
All was blank obscurity.

Wanderer! if that boat should ever
Meet thy vision, O be coy!
'Tis delusive—trust him never—
Cupid is a wicked boy.

A MOTHER'S JOY.

"How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!"
Fleasures of Hope

'Tis sweet, when zephyr's balmy breath
Around its fragrance throws,
And vegetation wakes from death,
To mark the opening rose—

To see kind nature's skilful hand
Distinguish its crimson vest,
And slowly to the view expand
The Queen of flowers' confest.

(E'en Bards of deathless name have bled
With morn to Flora's bower,
And mark'd with joy thy vernal pride,
And sung thee, blushing flower.)

But sweeter far, maternal care,
With thy fond eye to trace
A father's image blooming fair
In infant's lovely face—

To watch the dawn of reason's power,
Rise slowly into day;
And tender genius every hour
Shed forth a brighter ray.

'Tis to a parent joy refin'd,
To mark some virtue more;
Some grace of form, of mien, or mind,
Unseen, unknown before.

And who that cherub front can view,
That laughter-loving mien;
Where reigns young health of rosy hue,
And innocence serene.

Nor sighs to think that aught so fair
From joys like these must sever,
And find that with our mirth some care,
Some sorrow mingles ever?

If such there be without the sign
Of feeling's soft control;
He shall not be a friend of mine,
He shall not share my soul.

Epigrams.

MIDAS AND MODERN STATESMEN.

Midas, they say, possess'd the art of old,
Of turning whatsoever he touch'd to gold.
This modern statesman can reverse with ease—
Touch them with gold they'll turn to what you please.

ON A MALIGNANT BULL PORT.

When a viper its venom has spit, it is said,
That its fat heals the wound which its poison has made;
Thus it fares with the blockhead who ventures to write,
His dulness an antidote proves to his spite.

BY DR. YOUNG.

As in smooth oil, the razor best is wet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their offence is seen,
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to Puzzle in our last.

Nothing.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

My first is to gain.
My second, in time not distant.
My whole is to separate.

II.

Why is a proud man like starch?

III.

Why is an over-exertion like a part in music?

CHRONOLOGY.

The Christian Era.

1185 Isaac Angelus, killed Adronicus, and seized on the Great Empire.

1186 The Bulgarians revolting, formed a separate state, which subsisted till subdued by the Turks in 1396.

— Livonia embraced christianity; Frederic his son to be married to the daughter of Roger, King of Sicily, who gave her in dowry, Sicily, Calabria, and Apulia.

1187 Gregory VIII. preached up a new crusade. Guy of Lusignan, king of Jerusalem, being defeated at Tiberias, the city was taken by Saladin, Sultan of Egypt and Syria. Thus ended this kingdom, after being ruled by Christians 88 years.

1188 King Philip raised a tenth of the property of those who did not join the crusade, to support the charges of the war.

1189 King Henry of England died in Normandy; Richard surnamed Cœur de Lion succeeded. At his coronation, the mob, falling on the Jews, murdered many of them. He released William, King of Scotland from his subjection, and set out for the Holy War.

1190 The French and English armies marched off on their expedition. They took Messina, in Sicily: King Richard conquered Cyprus.

— Frederic, the Emperor, joining the crusade, lost part of his army by the treachery of the Greeks; and soon after perished by his horse plunging into the river Cydrus. His son Henry VI. succeeded him.

1191 The Kings of England and France took the town of Acre.

1192 King Richard made a truce with Saladin, and returning home was taken prisoner by Leopold of Austria, and delivered to the Emperor.

1193 Great sums raised in England for the King's ransom. The French King took several places in Normandy, during his confinement.

1194 Henry, the Emperor took Sicily, Calabria, Apulia, &c. and was crowned at Palermo. Richard, King of England, obtained his liberty. Death of Saladin, Sultan of Egypt and Syria.

1196 The Saracens of Africa, invading Spain, defeated Alphonsus VIII. King of Castile, and slew 50,000 men.

— Alexis Angelus, brother of Isaac, the Emperor, seized on the Greek Empire, and put out his brother's eyes.

1197 Henry VI. sent a great army into Palestine, and defeated the Saracens in several battles.

— Pope Celestine III. consented to the coronation of Frederic, son of Henry, as King of the two Sicilies, on condition of a sum being paid to him and to the Cardinals.

1198 The pope sent a legate to mediate between the Kings of France and England. The legate laid France under interdict, and excommunicated Philip for refusing to take back the wife he had divorced, and for marrying another.

1196 Death of Richard, King of England, of a wound received at the siege of Chalus, in Normandy. His brother John, surnamed Sans Terre, succeeded.

— The King of France absolved from the sentence of excommunication, on taking back his first wife, whom, however, he left soon again.

1206 King John held a parliament at Lincoln, where the King of Scotland did him homage.

1202 King John gained a victory, and took his nephew, Prince Arthur, who soon died in prison. The King of France summoned John to answer for the death of his nephew, and on his non-appearance, adjudged him a traitor, and confiscated all he held of the crown of France.

1203 King Philip took several towns in Normandy; King John levied a heavy tax on his barons, for deserting him in Normandy.

— Constantinople taken by the French and Venetian crusaders. Alexis Angelus expelled, and Isaac taken out of prison, and replaced on the throne with his son Alexis IV.

1204 Normandy completely reduced by Philip, King of France, and afterwards Maine, Anjou, Touraine, &c.

— Constantinople taken by the Latins, who chose Baldwin, Count of Flanders, Emperor, and took the great part of the Greek empire in Europe. Theodorus Lascaris seized Nice, and Alexis Comnenus established an empire at Trebizond.

1205 The Emperor Baldwin, marching against the Bulgarians, was defeated and taken. He died soon after in prison.

THE MINERVA.

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